

THIS YEAR, 1957 A.D.  
CAN BE THE BEST  
YEAR OF YOUR LIFE,  
SO FAR,  
AND THE BEGINNING  
OF BETTER YEARS.  
IT'S ALL  
UP TO  
YOU!

# RESTORATION

THIS IS THE TENTH  
YEAR OF THIS PAPER.  
WE HOPE IT WILL BE  
THE BEST, SO FAR,  
AND THE BEGINNING  
OF BIGGER AND BETTER  
YEARS.  
THAT, TOO, IS  
UP TO YOU,  
OUR READERS.

VOL. X.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—JANUARY, 1957

No. 1.

## Madonna House Soon To Work In Arizona

In April or May, Madonna House will open a branch of its apostolate in Winslow, Arizona; and two young women and a young man will be sent there to work with the poor Mexicans, and the Hopi and Navajo Indians, in the area.

His Gracious Excellency, the Most Reverend Bernard T. Espelage, O.F.M., Bishop of Gallup, New Mexico, has sent us the official invitation to his diocese; and Mrs. Eddie Doherty, Director General of Madonna House, has accepted it. Miss Catherine Maynard will be the local director of the new house, to be known as La Casa De Nuestra Senora. Mr. Philip Knight and Miss Theresa Davis have been appointed to assist her.

### This Is Branch No. 3

Mrs. Doherty visited Arizona recently, after tending to the wants and needs of the Staff Workers in the branches at Edmonton, Alberta, and Whitehorse, Yukon — and after lecturing in Portland, Ore., and Los Angeles, California.

Winslow, she thought, was "a little like Whitehorse, only much different." She talked of dusty streets — no paving — a station without red caps and without taxis, built in the middle of a desert full of tumbling tumbleweeds — windows in a church, with the names of Irish families on them — the church filled with Mexicans and Indians and only a few white people, some of whom, possibly, might be of Irish origin — small wooden houses baking in a pleasant warm sun — and a plateau on top of a mountain, with higher mountains in the distance.

"A tamale sale was being held to raise funds for the church," she said. "Fr. John Hannon, the pastor, showed me around. Mexican, White, and Indian people were buying tamales. I enjoyed the soft liquid eyes, the soft brown skins, the soft sweet Spanish words. Everyone smiled so nicely. Everything was so nice. I could understand some of the conversations.

### The Painted Desert

"I was given a room with a Mexican family, in a small clean cozy house — with many holy pictures and crucifixes on the walls.

After she had had something of a rest, Fr. Hannon took her for a tour of the desert, and showed her the homes of the Navajos and Hopis.

"I was impressed with the almost frightening beauty of the mesas," she wrote, "and the crumbling mountain ridges. They seemed to have a thousand shapes, depending on the light. Gray-yellow grass and tumbleweeds change their hues according to the time of day. Now they're purple, now golden, now a dirty listless gray. And I was enchanted and entranced with all the colors in the painted desert.

"The desert is a stupendous sight. It makes one think of the face of God. And, for some unknown reason, I thought also of the justice of God as I beheld all this beauty. It is so austere, so

timeless, so aloof from all things human. It is like a book in which God wrote of His immutable justice, unchangeable yet strangely warm and perfect, frightening and not frightening. I could see why the hermits of old chose the desert to find God. He is there palpably.

### A Happy Desert?

"It was difficult to see the Indian dwellings, they blended so well with the desert. Cedar poles standing straight up like a stockade, in circles. Well padded coverings of dried red clay. Dome-shaped houses, with holes in the roof through which the smoke of hearth fires escapes.

"Within these houses there is poverty. No beds. Nothing but layers of desert grass, blankets, a few belongings, some chairs. Clay floors or sand. The water holes are far apart, and even further apart are the trading posts. The Indian, looking timeless, trudges through the sandy roads under a broiling sun, to water hole or trading center. Here and there one sees a few straggly sheep, a desolate-looking corn patch. That is all.

"I wanted fiercely to be young again, young enough to go boldly into that desert and live among those aloof, proud, splendid people! But some of our Staff Workers will do that; and then the tumbleweeds will sing songs of praise and love of God. And peace and happiness may come to abide in the painted desert."

## A Love Letter To Almighty God

By  
Eddie Doherty

Dear God, infinite Majesty and Wisdom and Power and Beauty, I am learning from You, slowly, some of the beauties of the mind. And this is a poor rag of a letter to say I am most thankful. I send it through Our Lady, who will turn it into words of fire and gold before she hands it to You.

This is a day of magnificence. Your world is pure white, sprinkled with powdered diamonds. The trees that yesterday were gaunt and bleak and dead are today living fountains of mother of pearl and crystal. Last night's plain ordinary evergreens are, this morning, solemn pilgrims lifting masses of emeralds, and new ermine wraps, to show You they adore You. The river has put a flounce of beautiful white lace on its old blue dress. And overnight the far hill tops, that seemed so old and grim and ugly, are flashing bright new colors to Your sun.

### Alleluia! Alleluia!

My eyes rejoice in this. My heart sings because it sees You in all this unexpected loveliness. My lungs draw in, with joy, great breaths of the icy air that learned its fragrance from the pine trees. And my imagination riots in the jumble of rainbow fragments that leap and tumble and laugh in the icicles with which I signal You.

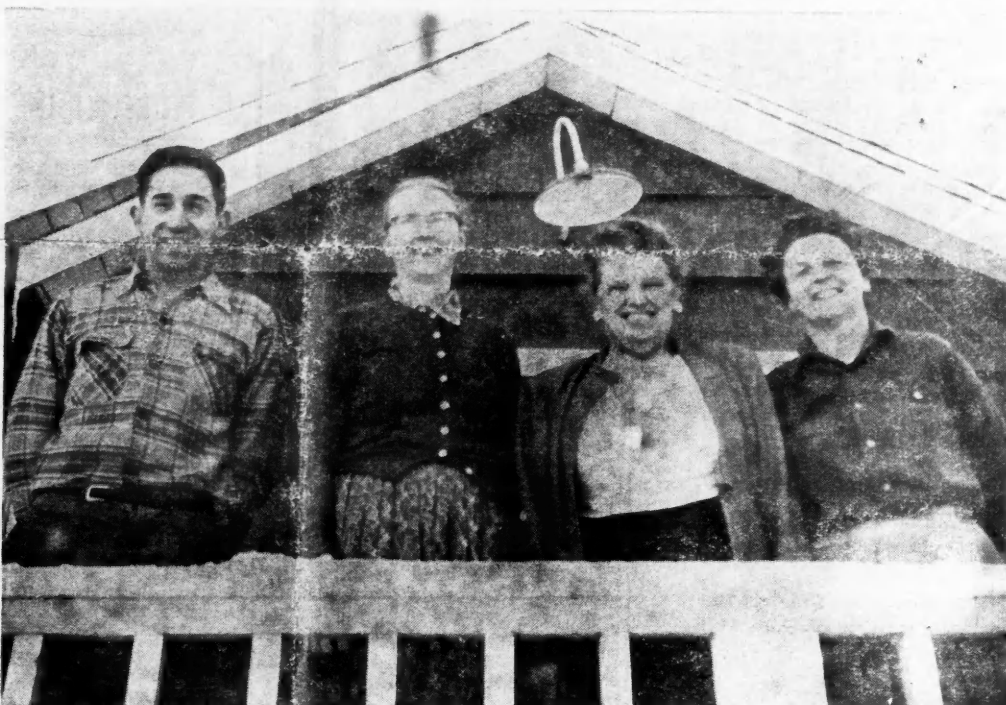
You fill my senses with delights, God, in this miracle of snow and ice. I send you prayers of love and gratitude. But there are so many other delights to thank You for! — cheery letters; a fine new book I did not write; an invitation to a steak with mushrooms and French fried onions; a box of stinky cheese, (and You know better than anyone else that the stinkier it is the better I like it),

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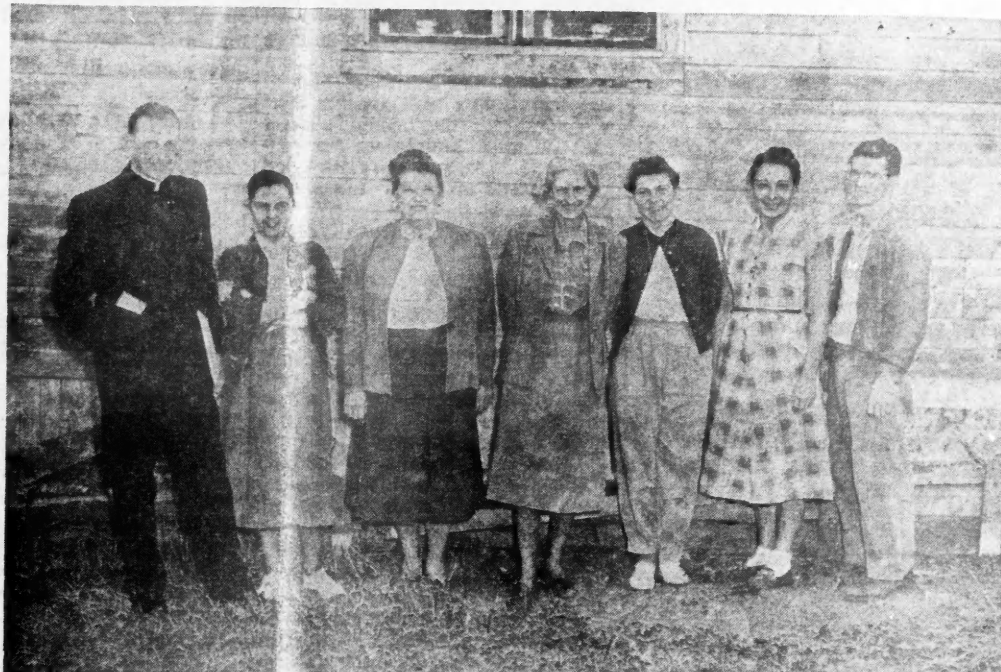
THE STAFF OF MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO

This is Madonna House, the center and training school of our apostolate; and these are most of the Staff Workers and Staff Worker Applicants, and some of the priests. Others of the Staff are in Edmonton and Whitehorse, as pictured below. The Staff has increased since the sunny day this picture was taken, which is fortunate; for three of our Staff Workers will soon be sent to the new branch in Winslow, Arizona—the Casa de Nuestra Senora. The Rev. Fr. John Hannon of Madre de Dios rectory is in charge there now, in case you wish to write, or send donations.



IN THE YUKON

The Staff Workers at Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon, were snapped here with "The B" on the occasion of her visitation last fall. Louis Stoeckle and Mary Ruth are on the director general's right, Mamie Legris, the local director, on her left. Here the work is mostly with and for the Indians.



IN THE BOOM TOWN OF EDMONTON

This was taken the day Fr. J. T. Callahan, Chaplain of Madonna House, and "The B," visited Marian Centre, Edmonton. The local director, Miss Dorothy Phillips, is in the center of the group. The others are Teresa Richaud, Mary T. Langlois, Edith Scott, and Philip Knight. The task here is to feed anywhere from 100 to 200 unemployed men every day, and furnish clothing for them. In addition the Centre is helping to care for 3,000 Hungarian refugees. If you want to help these refugees, send checks to Miss Phillips at 10528 98th St., Edmonton, Alberta.

WE WISH YOU A HOLY NEW YEAR

## ST. GOUPIL'S

By "The B"

It was a sight for sore eyes, the sight that greeted me as our car rolled into the beloved grounds of Madonna House. I was finishing the last of some fifteen thousand miles. I was returning after an absence of fifty days!

There it was. Sixty feet long. Twenty-eight feet wide. With all its narrow windows reflecting the soft winter sun! Yes . . . there it was, THE BASEMENT OF ST. GOUPIL'S. The future home and workshop of the male Staff Workers of Madonna House Secular Institute. I closed my eyes, and then quickly opened them to make sure it was really there, finished and waiting . . . waiting for the rest of the building to go up!

### Glad Sight, Glad Heart

I sat very still, loath to leave this grand sight. I do not know if it was a trick of my imagination, or just an image of the future reflecting itself into the present. But so help me, I saw the building standing there COMPLETE . . . white, shining in the sun. The roof with asbestos shingles dark against the grey blue of a December sky. Big windows smiling at me. And people walking in and out the doors.

It lasted one minute. Two at the most. Then it was gone. And standing alone, solid, substantial, was ST. GOUPIL'S BASEMENT . . . the foundation of the future home for men. It had been erected by the understanding charity of our many friends, and by one very special donor.

And there still was money in the bank—though basements are notoriously expensive, what with bulldozers costing \$6 an hour, and cement the price it is, and all the carpentry work that goes into making the forms into which said cement is poured!

I wished with my whole heart that all our friends could see that basement. I am dead sure that they would dig deep into their pockets, even in January, that notoriously lean month. That basement was a better beggar than I could ever be. There it stood, in its lonely magnificence. Begging without a word . . . a sigh . . . a whisper. Begging for the finished house it was to uphold. Begging for walls . . . a roof . . . stairways . . . doors . . . windows.

### All Alone, So All Alone!

Most assuredly a basement . . . just by itself . . . is the loneliest thing in the world.

That every night, back in our beautiful simple chapel, after I had thanked God for the many graces that came to me — us — through my long trip — I seriously talked to St. Goupil about the lonely basement. I explained that it was a beautiful basement, but that it looked like a headless body!

St. Goupil agreed. Wholeheartedly, mind you. He asked me how much we needed to complete the house. Saints forget about money so easily. They have many wondrous things to consider. So patiently, I repeated, for the umpteenth time, that what we needed was ELEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

That seemed to shake St. Goupil out of a trance. Musingly he counted the heavenly people he had enlisted to help raise this sum. There was St. Joseph, who knew all about building, of course. There was St. Anthony, who knew almost everyone on earth, and could raise money so very easily for so many things. And there was Mary, the gracious mother of God, who had lent her blessing, advice, and suggestions in the matter. Yes . . . all these St. Goupil had approached, and all were busy about this special business.

### And Now The Infant!

However, he suggested, this was the acceptable time for discussing the matter with Our Lord Himself! Wasn't this the Christmas season, the season of the Infant Christ? And wouldn't it run into the month of the MANIFESTATION, the month of the feast of Epiphany—Christ revealing Himself through the Wise Men to the

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MADONNA HOUSE  
Combermere, Ontario, Canada



# RESTORATION

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Combermere, Ontario  
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No. 1.

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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Epiphany . . . the feast of the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles. The feast of Wisdom, that led three men to the feet of God.

Where are the Wise Men today? And has wisdom become, even as men, a refugee from earth? Only mere trace of her can be found.

How many, today, make the journey to Bethlehem? Are the governments of the world bringing gifts to the Infant? And getting the blessings of Wisdom, Prudence, and Truth in return?

Do the powerful and mighty of our days kneel humbly on the straw by the Holy Crib, acknowledging that all they are, and all they have, comes from Him Who lies there?

Do those who are called Teachers of Youth come in haste to adore the Word from Whom all truth stems?

Are parents forming a long line — the end of which can only be seen by the eyes of God to Whom distances are not? Are they coming eagerly, swiftly, joyously, forward to worship the Son, in Whose face one can see that of the Father, from whom their fecundity, their parenthood, stems?

Is youth there? Loving? Caressing? Playing with Christ, the Child, as youth should, in order to grow up with Him and in Him?

Is old age there, warming itself at the fire of love and hope that burns so brightly in that poor stable?

Alas! No! Instead of a widely traveled road the way to Bethlehem is an overgrown country path, and its windings and turnings bear witness to the few who come, and to the hesitancy of their coming!

Quietly the Child waits. In utter silence the woman and the man wait with Him. They wait for the loving hearts of men to bring the gold of their love . . . the frankincense of their blazing faith . . . the myrrh of their adoration.

But men, gold, frankincense, and myrrh are more conspicuous by their absence than by their presence in the year of the Lord's grace 1957.

And God still waits for man.

God's waiting is terrible. Awesome. Quiet is the stable. Quiet and immense is the waiting of God. And heavy! The earth knows it! And shakes!

God waits for men to give Him gifts for His gifts. But man is not there to give or to receive.

Because of man's absence, God's manifestation to us does not take place, and we continue to walk in the darkness of our own deeds, the fury of our own fears, and the turmoil of our own souls!

The earth is rendered desolate. Peace departs from it. Since we refuse to witness to love, love leaves our hearts, making room for hate. Wars break out. And man's inhumanity to man rises like a bloody stormy sea, threatening the earth and all life on it. We are caught in our own meshes. Alone, we cannot break their mighty strands.

Let us arise and hasten to Bethlehem . . . to the crib and the Child in it. Let us lay at His feet whatever we have left of our store of gifts . . . and then, humbly prostrating ourselves on the straw, dry and golden, beg for the gift of carrying Him always in our hearts.

THEN PEACE AND LOVE WILL COME TO DWELL AMONG US . . . AND WE SHALL BE MADE WHOLE, WITHOUT BLEMISH. WE SHALL KNOW FEAR NO LONGER . . . FOR PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT ALL FEARS!

the  
**normal**  
state for Christians  
is a state of  
**sanctity**

## Eddies of 1957

By

Eddie Doherty

Sometime ago I received a letter from a Catholic friend which gave me a jolt in the brisk. It quoted St. Alphonsus Liguori as stating that most people, including Catholics, would go to hell. And it quoted St. Benedict as declaring that anyone who laughed loudly and long was guilty of a mortal sin!

The letter was astounding, and confusing, because the writer is the author of some extremely beautiful articles about God and His saints.

### Another Letter

Yesterday there came a letter from a man who, quite evidently, is not a Catholic. Here's how it begins:

"I noticed an article in your paper by one Jose Guadalupe Trevina, titled 'All Men Are Brothers.' According to what the Lord Jesus Christ said, this is a false thought. It is impossible to believe that Jesus is your Savior from sin and hell and not believe His words. One is either the child of the devil or the child of God."

"This is a hard saying, but it was the only way I came to know Christ as my Savior; and it is my desire to let Him, and not Satan, rule my life. Read for yourself what Jesus told a group of people in His time. John 8:39 to 47. People are no different now than they were then. The Holy Scriptures say, 'All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.' Romans 3:23."

There was more, but that was plenty. I looked up the passage in St. John, in my Bible, the New Catholic Edition. The point he was trying to make was in the words: "He who is of God hears the words of God. The reason why you do not hear is that you are not of God."

### He Made It Possible

My non-Catholic friend does not understand that Christ, God and the Son of God, became a man, and suffered and died, so that the children of the devil might become the children of God.

Of course all men are brothers, under the Fatherhood of God. But are there not good brothers and bad brothers in some families? And cannot the bad brothers become good? Cannot they become even better than the good brothers?

You remember the story of the Prodigal Son? He was a bad boy. He left his father and went his own way. He had a good brother who stayed home and helped the old man in every way. The bad boy got tired of living with swine. He came home. The good brother wasn't at all pleased. He would have killed the prodigal if he had had the courage. But the father welcomed the bad brother with tears of joy, made a great feast for him; and was happier at his return than he had been with the good brother all those years.

### We're All Sinners!

How God loves sinners! All of us have sinned and come short of the glory of God — even the sons of God, the elect who know Christ as their Savior from sin and hell, as my correspondent puts it. We must all ask for the mercy of God. And we must all think mercifully of other sinners — for, really now — some of them are a lot better than the best of us. And it is quite possible that a great sinner may become a great saint. Mary Magdalen, for instance. St. Augustine. The good thief on the cross. Or any of the rest of us.

I don't believe, naturally, that St. Alphonsus or St. Benedict made the statements quoted by my Catholic friend. If they did say such things, I don't have to believe they were right. I certainly do not believe that most of the people living today will wind up in hell. Nor do I believe there is any sin attached to a good long loud laugh.

What a sinful place Madonna House would be if this were true! The boys and girls here sing and laugh even while they work!

### Lord Have Mercy

I remember two priests who feel as I do. One of them was a Fr. John Kelly of New York, who wrote poetry. He also wrote the life of his friend and patron, Cardinal Hayes.

Someone, in my old home in Larchmont, N.Y., asked Fr. Kelly how many people, approximately, he thought had gone to hell.

"Do you mean since our redemption?" Father Kelly wondered, looking into the fire burning in the grate.

"Yes, since the redemption." The priest hesitated a long time. A very long time. And then, with a serious face, without the suspicion of a smile, and with all the sincerity of his nature, he

said: "Maybe five or six; probably not more than five. The mercy of God is so great, so readily extended, so eager to save all souls from hell, that, to me, it is inconceivable that more than half a dozen have been damned."

### A Last Chance

The name of the other priest escapes me. He believed that Christ came to all sinners — no matter what their sins — in their last moments; that He came to give them a final chance; that He appeared to them as He was while hanging on the cross, an object of pity, a sight to move even the most hardened to contrition. Only a few could resist the appeal of the Savior, the dying Good Shepherd making the last attempt to save a strayed sheep from eternal fire. Those who repelled this Christ sent themselves to hell.

It is strange, to me, that Christians of any sort should regard themselves not as sinners but as saints, that they should despair of sinners and predict hell fire for them, or that they should regard them as less than brothers! Perhaps that is because I am, and have been, as unhappy a sinner as any of my brothers — the good or the bad.

What this world needs is not hate — especially hatred of sinners. It needs love. And if you can't love sinners, you tell me — you to whom I'm talking — whom can you love? God? Try it.

## A Baptismal Robe

Designed as a scapular, the robe is large enough to be worn on anniversaries through childhood and into adult life.

"Do it yourself" kit includes pure white linen, floss, embroidery needle, cord, instructions. The kit: \$3.50.

The Baptismal Robe finished: \$7.50.

ST. LEO SHOP, Inc.

NEWPORT, R. I.

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## COMBERMERE DIARY

In a recent issue we promised to let you know the name of the latest building at the Cana Colony at St. Ann's farm. It has been decided to name it St. Zita's cookhouse. We are sure that the families who will be coming to the Summer School this year will enjoy it very much.

Had we mentioned to you that Kathleen O'Herin, who pioneered the foundation in Yukon with Mamie Legris and Louie Stoeckle, has been assigned back to Madonna House and is now in charge of our Chapel and Sewing Department? The results of her good taste and skill are very much in evidence.

Our Chapter of Franciscans has increased by four new members.

Lucky we, we celebrate two Thanksgivings a year — the Canadian one in October, and the American one in November. This year we were even so fortunate as to have turkey twice!

This should be told. A friend of ours was here before deer season, and we said special prayers for him and over him. We specially invoked St. Hubert, the Patron of Hunters. While he was on watch, a deer stuck its face through the bushes 175 yards away. He said to himself, "Well here is meat for Madonna House." He shot it between the eyes. In our larder we now have 160 pounds of venison.

We were thrilled to have an account of B's lengthy trip through the Canadian West and the American South-west. She returned after a seven weeks' absence.

Our two great feast days were December 8th and August 15th. As Eddie once remarked, "for our Lady — the beginning and the end." This year on December 8th, the third anniversary of the opening of our Chapel, which is dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, we celebrated with a Solemn High Mass.

We hope your Christmas was as happy as ours. There is no doubt about it, the Advent Wreath and daily readings on Advent help one to prepare for this wonderful feast.

When you read this, we will be again studying in the Big Course, which runs from January 10th to Holy Week. For recreation we have the ice rink on the swamp, and a new ski run at St. Ann's.

Happy winter holy days and holidays to you all!

## Outer Circle Letter No. 138

Holy and blessed New Year to you, dearly beloved friends and readers. May our Lord and His gracious Mother walk at your side through every day of it!

As you may have already surmised by reading this issue, I have been traveling. Being the head of a Catholic Lay Apostolate movement, Madonna House Secular Institute, I am doubly interested in finding out all I can about my fellow men everywhere. It is the essence of my vocation to love and serve. Lecturing and meeting many people as I do all over the land, I have many extraordinary facilities to observe and learn from each person, each occasion, each group.

### C.F.M. Grows and Grows

Nor do I forget the "Family Apostolate," which is so dear to our Holy Father's heart, and of course to ours in Madonna House. So, eagerly I accept the many cordial invitations of families to come in after a lecture for a cup of coffee and discuss further some of the points raised in my speeches, or clarify some others related to them. In some cities I had long contacts with families interested in Christian living, because out of their great charity and wondrous hospitality, they invited me to stay at their homes for the duration of my visit.

Thus I could see that the C.F.M. (Catholic Family Movement) was growing phenomenally, spreading into two countries — Canada as well as the United States, where it originated. I was glad. If this movement keeps growing, we shall indeed see the dawn of a better day. For it goes to the very grass roots of most of the troubles that besiege modern parents and modern homes and children.

As regards to "going steady," between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, the answer is a resounding direct and simple NO. It is quite obvious to anyone with an ounce of common sense that 15 is much too early even to think of marriage.

Teen age is the time of physical swift maturing. But not of emotional maturity, following as swiftly the physical one. Emotionally, do they know it or not, teenagers are yet children. While their bodies may seem to be those of fully developed men and women, they act as they should emotionally — as children reaching out to maturity — but as yet far from achieving same.

### Occasion of Sin

One of the signs of maturity is responsibility. The ability to take responsibility. At some distant and past time, when the marriage age was much younger, young people did not need to exercise this sense of responsibility. In an agricultural culture, they remained under parental roofs, and went on with the familiar work of the farm or cattle ranch, adding to the general security of the whole family by adding one more person to contribute to the work thereof.

Today such a life, secure and simple under parental roof, would be unthinkable. Moreover the very swift current of modern life, the highly competitive stream of it, and the need for ever wider and more specialized education and skills, retard perforce, the marriageable age.

Hence going steady, which implies definite selection of a life partner, is deadly. Neither party is truly ready to make that choice. Both lack the vision and the yardsticks for the making. Moreover, going steady under the modern way of life — to mince no words — is definitely an occasion of sin to both.

### Parental Authority

Here is where the parental authority MUST BE EXERCISED TO THE FULL. It will, I know, have the support of the Church, schools and society at large. For, when viewed from a mature point of view, "going steady" in the teen-age borders on the ridiculous.

In an orderly, Christian, theological, dogmatic fashion, yet in words that all can understand, and with a technique which all can acquire so easily, the C.F.M. surveys problem after problem that parents must deal with, and gives detailed and concrete answers to each of these, and even to component parts of each.

Moreover it is rooted in the parish. And so, easily and naturally, homes and parents — Christ and the Little Church, as husband and wife and their children are called — slip into the Big Church, the gateway of all graces to its parishioners.

### Pat and Paddy

To describe in detail the workings of C.F.M. would take too long

and be useless, for a most interesting sea of literature is available to anyone interested. Why not write to the founders of the Movement, MR. AND MRS. PATRICK CROWLEY, 2304 Elmwood Ave., Wilmette, Ill., U.S.A. Only last year they were honored by a private audience with His Holiness, who blessed most abundantly their endeavors!

The Crowleys are a terrific couple, always ready to answer any call, emergency or otherwise. This is the century of the laity. The Crowleys are in the forefront of the most important lay and ecclesiastical movement — TO RESTORE THE HOME TO CHRIST. Get in touch with them and find out what YOU can do for this vital cause in your neck of the woods. Do it now, when 1957 is new and shiny. It may thus become the year of very special graces for YOU and YOURS . . . Don't delay.

In my travels I noticed the pre-occupation of parents with matters of sex. How to teach these vital truths of life? How to make children and youth understand the infinite beauty, holiness, and divine purpose? This, and "going steady" for teen-agers, seemed to be the two most worrisome questions of the day.

Make your home what it should be — a novitiate for the future married life, the sublime vocation, of your children!

There is no other answer to the problem. The answer begins almost in the cradle. In our next letter we shall discuss it fully.

## Lest We Forget!

Good health is never fully appreciated — until we lose it. In like manner, the privilege of attending Daily Mass is so easily within our reach — we don't begin to appreciate it. Tens of thousands in Russia would cry for joy at the opportunity that we ignore — the opportunity to attend Daily Mass.

The rational man needs the Mass to pay Almighty God the debt of homage and adoration he owes Him.

The grateful man needs the Mass to pay his debt of thanksgiving.

The sinful man — "and who is without sin among you?" — needs the Mass to propitiate God's justice, to pay his debt of satisfaction.

The needy man needs the Mass that praying "with Jesus Christ and Through Him" he may offer a prayer that is worthy of being heard and thus fitly discharge his duty and debt of petition.

At the hour of death the Masses you have heard will be your greatest consolation.

Every Mass will go with you to Judgment and plead for pardon.

At every Mass you can diminish the temporal punishment due to your sins.

Assisting devoutly at Mass you render the Sacred Humanity of Jesus the greatest homage. He supplies for many of your negligencies and omissions. He forgives you all the venial sins you are determined to avoid. He forgives you all the unknown sins you have never confessed. The power of Satan over you is diminished.

By hearing Mass you afford the souls in Purgatory the greatest possible relief.

One Mass heard by you during life will be of more benefit to you than many heard for you after death.

Holy Mass preserves you from many dangers and misfortunes that would otherwise befall you.

You shorten your Purgatory by every Mass.

You win for yourself a higher degree of glory in Heaven.

At Mass you kneel amidst a multitude of angels who are present at the adorable Sacrifice with reverential awe.

You receive the priest's blessing which Our Lord Himself ratifies in heaven.

You are blessed in your temporal goods and affairs. "If you ask the Father anything in My Name He will give it to you." — John 16:23. The Sentinal Press

You are cordially invited to join the Daily Mass League which has been active in Rochester for several years. There are no dues, meetings nor officers. The only qualification for membership is an earnest desire to attend Daily Mass as often as possible.

Identify yourself with this worthy crusade. Just mail your name, address and name of your parish to: THE DAILY MASS LEAGUE, Box 981, ROCHESTER 3, N. Y.



## Our Lady Of Guadalupe

By Rev. Thos. Rowland  
(Continued from December)

No more remarkable picture has ever been painted than that of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Certainly no picture has ever had the effect of this picture upon a whole nation. In a period of seven years over 8,000,000 converts were made in a nation where for nine years all the heroic efforts of the missionaries had failed to win more than a handful of souls to Christianity. What was there about this picture that had such an effect upon the people?

Before we can discuss the picture Our Lady painted of herself, it would be best if we described it. Unfortunately this black and white drawing does little justice to the beauty of the original. Indeed until recently there has been no satisfactory copy of the picture, for somehow it seems to defy the attempts of artists to catch the rare beauty contained.

### Beautiful Face

Our Lady's complexion in the original painting is a distinctive olive grey which baffled the people when they first viewed the picture. Her cheeks have a pinkish tinge, giving her entire face life-like vitality. Her eyes, though downcast, are visible and match her straight dark brown hair. The hands are slender and soft.

The cloth that covers Our Lady's head is a bright blue green color, trimmed with a gold border, and spangled with 46 eight-pointed stars. Her rose-colored tunic is overlaid with gold embroidery. This embroidery however, is not worked into the fabric—it does not follow the folds of the dress. The neck and the cuffs are finished with white rabbit-fur. At her throat she wears a gold brooch on which is the sign of the cross.

The angel holding her up is dressed in a similar colored tunic and also wears a brooch, but this one does not have a cross. His wings are of greenish blue, white, and pink colors.

### Beautiful Colors

So much for a cursory description of the picture. The second interesting fact about the picture is the style of painting. The most startling feature is that the picture is painted directly on the tilma, a rough woven fiber cloth, without any preparation. All artists must prime their canvases but this tilma was not primed with any material. Again it is impossible to tell what kind of paint was used, it not being oil, pastel, tempera, water color, or any other known type of paint. The paint has not aged nor peeled in 400 years, indeed it seems even to be growing brighter instead of darkening like most paintings.

The colors from a distance seem quite bright, but when viewed closely they are dull and fuzzy. This too is quite different from most paintings which grow more distinct in detail the closer they are observed.

One of the most amazing features is that the gold on the picture, the rays of the sun, the edging of the mantle, the stars, the embroidery on the tunic, etc., do not seem to be fixed in any way. They seem to be merely gold powder.

The actual size of the picture is 66 x 41 inches but when viewed at a distance it appears much larger than this, another strange phenomenon, since most pictures appear smaller, the further away you view them.

### Mission Deadlock

So much for the details of this picture. Now why did it account for so many conversions among the Mexican people?

First let us recall the people whom the Franciscan missionaries were trying to convert. The Aztec Indians possessed in many ways a very high type of civilization. They had beautiful homes, complete with swimming pools, great buildings, pyramids, beautiful mosaics, highly organized sports.

At the same time they had no written language, and their religion was one of great superstition, completely dominated by human sacrifice. They worshipped both Mars and Venus, the latter being identified as the great stone serpent, who traveled about in the night doing great harm. Human sacrifices must be offered to appease the wrath of the Sun God.

The missionaries were unable to convince the people that these human sacrifices were not necessary. Their first nine years had born very little fruit. Then the picture appeared and the whole story changed.

### Beautiful Symbols

Why? Well the apparitions took place on a hill which was dedicated to the mother of their gods, a nice coincidence in itself. The Lady had called herself the Virgin Mary who had crushed the stone serpent. So, looking at the picture, they saw the crescent moon upon which she was standing. This told them they had no longer to fear the serpent of the night.

Then they saw her dignity and majesty, standing with her back to the sun and covering it. This assured them that humans were greater than the sun. Therefore human sacrifices should not be offered to the sun. The stars on her mantle showed that the stars were to serve man, not man the stars.

After studying her figure, the Indians were sure she was a human who had lived here on earth, who, subject to death, had come back to earth—thus showing the immortality of the soul.



### By The Cross

And how did all this come to be? By means of the cross which was on her brooch. You will note that the angel, not redeemed by Christ's crucifixion, does not wear a cross on his brooch.

The Indians were of course familiar with the cross since it was carried on the banners of Cortez and the other Spanish Conquistadors. So they flocked to the missionaries who had come with these men. The missionaries, of course, were most happy to tell these people about Christ and His Mother.

So it was that our Lady, by means of pictures and symbols, showed the Indians they should not offer human sacrifices, and thus opened the way to the conversion of the entire Mexican nation.

Not only did the picture give the key to the conversion of the people; it also showed the future of the nation. The color of the complexion which baffled the people, since it was neither the color of the Spaniards nor of the Indians, was seen to be the color of the first children born of marriages between the two races.

The Lady wore the fur cuffs and trim of a princess, thus showing that the future leaders of the people were to be the Christian children of both races! The picture was better than a million sermons. It still is. It is better than a million thick books of sermons.

## IN HIS NAME

A friend writes us:

*Sure we spend our time a-fishin'  
But pennies caught go to the mission,  
We have no time to be sad or bored  
We're collecting pennies for the Lord!*

A group of us have decided to put aside all of our pennies for the Missions, and it is truly amazing how quickly they add up to a dollar. We invite you to join us. When you have one hundred pennies will you please convert them into a dollar bill and mail to:

W. J. LARGAY,  
PENNY PINCHERS,  
P. O. Box 1958,  
Milwaukee 1, Wis.

With God's help we hope to make this a perpetual undertaking. Pennies on hand are being sent to Father Bombara, Bihar, India.

## THE B'S CORNER

The pain of Christ pursues me. Try as I may I cannot escape it. It seems, at times, as if I were filled with it, as if I could not endure another minute of it. Yet minutes become hours, and hours change into days, and days merge into weeks, and I still bear Christ's pain . . . still feel its immense and holy weight crushing me. I want to cry out . . . to beg . . . to implore someone . . . nay . . . many . . . to come and share this sweet and awesome burden!

But my throat seems too parched to produce sounds. Words vanish as soon as they are born, afraid they may have to express the inexpressible. Yet I must speak . . . because the suffering Christ is waiting . . . waiting all over this continent . . . for souls to bring the ointments of their love to heal His wounds . . . to bring the wine of their lives to restore His strength . . . and to assuage the torture of His mind in His Mystical Body.

### Pain was Everywhere

I saw the pain of Christ everywhere I went on my long trip. The sight of it pursued me, in my waking and sleeping hours . . . on trains, planes, cars . . . in homes, churches, lecture halls.

I saw it in the eyes of children, wise beyond their years in the wisdom of the world. I saw it in the faces of babies . . . too quiet, too withdrawn, too thin to grow up into sturdy youngsters. I saw it in teen-age youth wildly careening through the endless streets of endless towns and villages, gathering around the corners of cross roads in the big cities. Their hungry eyes and hungry faces seemed to be seeking answers from adults who did not have them, or who did not take time to give them.

I saw the pain of Christ in the eyes of weary and sad bishops of the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

### Bishops, Priests, Nuns

These men knew the needs of their flocks, but their hands were tied by the lack of schools, churches, and lay apostolates. With eyes filled with unshed tears, they beheld the Bread of Life and the Waters of Truth being withheld from the hungry and thirsty multitudes. There were not hands enough to distribute them. There were too few priests to minister to the ever-growing flocks . . . too few nuns to teach the young . . . too few dedicated men and women to become feet, eyes, and ears, of clergy and hierarchy.

I saw the pain of Christ in exhausted priests, men whose zeal multiplied them ten fold, and who felt that thousands had been left out of the ministry because they could not multiply themselves a thousandfold, as they wanted to. These facets of the pain of Christ in bishops and priests made me feel as if something inner . . . something deeply hidden in me was falling under an unbearable burden. And though I walked out of modern rectories unto modern paved streets, I had such a sensation of lying in some dusty hot road that I could almost taste the bitterness of dust, almost feel it choke me.

I saw the pain of Christ in the burning, thin faces of nuns . . . teaching nuns . . . nursing nuns . . . nuns engaged in social service . . . nuns serving in the thousand ways devised by the ingenuity of the Love that founded so many active Orders. All of these . . . who spoke to me so openly of their burden . . . which also was a burden of love, of pain . . . spoke, as in unison, of too few vocations, too little help in their immense work among the sick, the young, the poor.

### Words Or No Words

They spoke sometime in a dry monotone that covered but lightly their tragic hunger to be many places at the same time. Their voices would sink to a whisper when they contemplated the havoc wrought in souls by the shortage of their numbers . . . sometimes a silence would fall between us, which was harder to bear than any words could be. It was the silence of Christ's pain in them. It brought Golgotha so clearly into the well-appointed convent parlors!

I saw the pain of Christ on the campuses of many a University and College. He stood beside finely wrought entrance doors that were barred to Him! And because of His absence, pupils and teachers were empty of Truth. Have you ever looked into empty eyes, the windows of empty souls?

I saw the pain of Christ in homes that lacked nothing in the way of material needs, that had an abundance, or even a superabundance of such goods. How utterly poor these homes were! How sad Christ looked in them, relegated to the rooms of children and servants, and reluctantly

allowed to stay there. He was by no means enthroned. Maybe He was ignored there, or offered lip service only! I felt deadly cold in homes like these. Deadly cold and terribly afraid.

### In All Ages

I saw the pain of Christ in the very old, who desperately clung to a youth they had long left . . . and who, bowing down, worshipped a hundred gods of their own making.

I saw the pain of Christ in babies, in children, in youths, in men and women of all ages, in rich homes, in poor homes, in bishops and priests and nuns, in Negroes and Indians, and in many other minority groups, and in those who seemed sure, certain, and powerful in the land. I saw His pain in government offices, and in places of national and international importance.

Everywhere I saw Christ waiting . . . waiting for loving hands, hearts and souls to come and assuage, heal, and remove this pain of His in His brethren, our brothers and neighbors.

So many were blind to this pain of His! So many deaf to this crying need of His! I saw little hope for the swift change of heart that is so terribly, so urgently needed!

### Wait There, God!

I understood the vicious circle of our time clearly. Because of our complacency, our indifference to this PAIN OF CHRIST, we are becoming more empty, more selfish. Our blindness and deafness are on the increase. And with the growth of this HIS PAIN GROWS. And we became more blind and deaf. The tragic circle grows. AND CHRIST IS THERE AT EVERY PART OF ITS PERIPHERY . . . AS WELL AS IN ITS CENTER . . . WAITING, WAITING, WAITING.

YES . . . WE CREATURES ARE MAKING OUR GOD WAIT!

Wait for what? For us to drop our selfishness. For us to stop hiding behind our idols of comfort, pleasure, power, wealth or the desire for it. Waiting for us to come out into the road of life to meet Him Who gave it to us, and to realize, before it is too late, that He gave it to us for one reason only . . . to LOVE HIM WITH OUR WHOLE HEARTS AND SOULS . . . AND OUR NEIGHBORS AS OURSELVES!

Then not only will convents, monasteries, seminaries, and Secular Institutes be thronged with eager youth seeking a direct vocation to lessen Christ's pain, but all Christians, Catholics especially, will come forth, like Veronica, to wipe His face . . . to minister to Him like the good Samaritan did to his neighbor . . . to restore Him to His rightful seat among nations and governments thus giving His world back to Him.

Then, at long last, His pain in our brothers will be turned to joy. And the Kingdom of God, the kingdom of love and peace, will come to bless us.

## CANDLELIGHT SATIN

By

Msgr. John J. Dougherty

It takes three to make a marriage, A boy and a girl and God. Vincent and Alice were the boy and girl, And I spoke the lines of God.

When the words were spoken, And the two of them were one, They knelt before the Altar, Where I offered to God His Son.

Alice knelt like a priestess, Her vestment a glowing white, Woven with gentlest satin, And called after candlelight.

That night when the wedding was over She put her gown away, And dreamed of another Alice, And thought of her wedding-day.

Then came the joy of union, Then came the pain of life, Then came the fruit of marriage And Alice was mother and wife.

Vincent brought his boy to the font, Where I gave him a name and life, And Alice loved two Vincents, As mother and as wife.

The Lt. Vincent went off to war, We prayed that he'd come back, But God had other plans for him. I said his Mass in Black.

Now I always think of Alice's dream, When I put on a vestment white, For it is made of gentlest satin, Called after candlelight.

I like to dream like Alice did As she folded her gown that night It is not her daughter I see in my dream, But her son in her chasuble bright.

## Christ On Skid Row Still Faces The Cold

By Dorothy M. Phillips

It is twenty-five below zero but with the present velocity of wind it is the equivalent of forty below. Outside, a number of ill clad old men are huddled in small silent groups on the porch and sidewalk. Their heads are bent as if to shield themselves against the bitter wind and cold. First in line, as I open Our Lady's blue door to bring them into the warmth of her house, is Bill. He shivered as his body adjusted itself to the change of temperature. Then he gives me a wide smile.

### On Your Way, Bum!

"Sometimes," he says jauntily, "I think I prefer summer to winter."

We have known Bill for over a year now. He is almost sixty. We have sent him out on many jobs, lasting anywhere from a day to two weeks. The reports on him are all wonderful, and people who have employed him once, often ask for him again. But he has never been able to keep a steady job. He is an epileptic. As soon as this is discovered he is discharged. That is how Bill happens to be on skid row.

God has given him the cross of epilepsy. But men seem to feel God is not competent to choose the cross one should carry.

Last Saturday Bill came in for breakfast, obviously upset and troubled. We had not seen him for a few weeks. He had been working at a junk yard, packing and loading the heavy metal pieces that had been strewn around. It took him two weeks to do the work. He received his pay at the end of the first week but when he went to get his second week's pay he was put off. He was told to come back and collect sometime during the following week.

This morning, the day appointed, he was told in no uncertain terms that they did not intend to pay him at all!

This was just one more setback in a life already filled with disappointments. When I mentioned police to Bill, he shook his head.

### The Least of These

"What's the use, I'm just another skid row bum and they picked me up, night before last, for sleeping in an old vacant house."

More words are unnecessary. The tragedy sinks deeply into our souls. It is so easy to see the suffering patient Christ in Bill.

Last year 42,276 souls came to the blue door of Marian Centre for food and clothing. This winter Bill, and some forty thousand others again have to wait outside in the cold. Things seem not to have changed much in the past two thousand years!

Christ must warm Himself now in the small stable that is Marian Centre, after spending hours in the frosty atmosphere which is all that the calloused hearts of men provide for Him.

You, who have warmed your hearts and souls at His Eucharistic table, and who have seen Him in your neighbor, will understand my grief in seeing Him neglected. You who have given so generously of your time, food, and money, will permit me to plead once again with those who do not yet know Who it is that wanders the skid rows of Edmonton, and beg them to come to His assistance in whatever way they can, to help prevent His aimless wandering next winter.

### What About 1957?

Many have helped, but many others have turned away from Him with distaste. Shrugging their shoulders, they have asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Our appeal for building funds last year met with faint response. It is too late now to help Christ in His poor in Edmonton to find a place of refuge this winter. He must roam the streets again.

Must He be killed again as He was in Lloyd and John, who fell dead on the streets last year?

Nevertheless we have been asked by the Immigration Department to help provide such comforts as we can for the Hungarian refugees, three thousand of whom are coming to Alberta. The priests in all the Catholic churches of the city made the announcement at each of the Sunday Masses that Marian Centre would be a depot for donations of food and clothing for these pitiful refugees—these Christs driven from their native land by the modern Herod.

The phone and the doorbell ring constantly. Food and clothing supplies are growing. But this does not solve the problem of the men standing in the cold, waiting to get into our small dining room.

Our truck wouldn't start this morning. That's how cold it was. But Bill was only one of many men in line when I opened the blue door. How long had he been standing there? I don't know. Someday, perhaps, he too, like the truck "won't be able to start."

### A Very Poor Time

It is not too late to house Bill—or Christ—in 1957. But to do that we must start building this spring. And in order to begin any

sort of construction we must have money. We know this is a poor time of the year to beg for money. It is so soon after Christmas!

But it is even a poorer time for the men we want to help. Christmas has passed on, and left them more miserable than they were before! It is a very poor time to beg, but to remain silent would be to betray Him Who was born in a manger and Who lived and died the poorest of the poor.

## God Comes Down To Us

By Jose De Vinck

We cannot teach God. We can hardly talk about Him. We can very faintly and imperfectly conceive Him in our mind. BUT WE CAN LOVE HIM WITH FULL PERFECTION, for love can be given in fullness without the fullness of knowledge. Love is the gift of self, and all of self can be given, even our groping, tottering, pitiful search for Him. He does not expect us to know Him or to find Him, but to love Him and to seek Him. The knowledge of Him is His gift to us. We cannot go up to Him, but we can try; and He can, and wishes to, and does, come down to us.

Why then are so many intelligent souls in darkness? Because they attempt to encompass the Light which cannot be contained. Because they raise themselves, and puff themselves up, and take themselves quite seriously, and call themselves doctors, or theologians . . . or pharisees. Not that such science is to be scorned, but it should be humbled, and made to become the little sister of Love. If it is not humbled, it may grow and grow and become the mother of pride.

There is an old Latin proverb: Primum vivere, deinde philosophari (We should first be alive if we wish to philosophize). I would like to push it around a bit: PRIMUM AMARE, DEINDE PHILOSOPHARI (We should first love if we wish to philosophize). For Love is Being, whereas knowledge is only an attribute of being.

PURE LOVE is a proper name of God. Pure knowledge is a mere title. Pure love includes everything; pure intelligence covers only intelligibility.

We can hardly think of God, or talk of Him, or teach Him. But we can do much more. We can LOVE HIM IN SUCH A MANNER THAT TO LOVE HIM IS TO LIVE HIM. Thus, through love, His life becomes ours, He is perceived as a Person, and can be overabundantly given by us to everyone, as a Friend!

## Someone Had Prayed

By Mrs. S. Chappell

The day was long, the burden I had borne Seemed heavier than I could longer bear. And then it lifted—but I did not know Someone had knelt in Prayer—

Had taken me to God that very hour, And asked the easing of the load, and He, In infinite compassion, had stooped down And taken it from me.

We cannot tell how often as we pray For some bewildered one, hurt, and distressed, The answer comes—but many times those hearts Find sudden peace and rest.

Someone had prayed, and faith, a reaching hand, Took hold of God, and brought Him down that day;

So many, many hearts have need of prayer— Oh, let us pray!





## Cooking With Mary

By Catherine

I am terribly sorry I did not write the recipes as I promised. But I have been away so long, traveling, that I barely had time to write for Restoration. Please forgive me! I hope I will be faithful to this column henceforth and to you, my readers. Thank you for your interest in this department of Christian Living, for, believe you me, cooking is most assuredly a direct and simple way to sanctity — for it is love serving at its best.

This being winter, I thought some soup recipes would come in handy. Take, for instance, oatmeal (porridge) that makes its appearance regularly on your breakfast tables. How hard it often is to figure out exactly how much to cook! Monday, Father and Junior are very hungry, and consume two bowls. Tuesday the one and only porridge bowl, is left half finished by both of them. Result, cold and seemingly useless porridge accumulates in the refrigerator.

I never worry about the quantity of porridge to cook. I make it a point to cook quite a bit more than I expect our large apostolic family to eat. Because why? Because it will make the most delicious soup you ever tasted! Yes siree.

Take your cold porridge. Measure it by cups. To each cup of porridge use a cup of milk (diluted half and half with water if you want to, and this is the place where dried milk comes in real handy). Now heat the milk and mix well with cold porridge. I use an electrical beater, pouring the milk in slowly and beating while I pour and mix. Makes for soft fluffy mixture. Add to this mixture ½ a cup of onions per cup of mixture (raw, thinly sliced ones). Put plenty of salt — milk and porridge absorb it. Pepper to taste. A little pinch of celery salt will help. Boil in double boiler or on low flame, DO NOT SCORCH. Serve with toast cubes buttered or unbuttered as the spirit moves you. To make these is simplicity itself and uses up your stale bread. Cut same into cubes. Brown in light oven 300-325.

The family will love this soup as a change from ordinary diet. Its origin is German. I fiddled with the original recipe until I Americanized it. Let me know how you like it.

Interested in a nice cheap cereal for breakfast or family supper? Take buckwheat. No. Not buckwheat flour. Big department stores, and Jewish stores all over the North American continent specialize in buckwheat grain. WHOLE MIND YOU. Just a wee bit crushed. Its trade name usually is "Kasha." It is most reasonably priced, the more so that a little goes a long way.

So you got yourself a pound or two of crushed buckwheat grain called KASHA! Now all you have to do is to take, for a family of four or six:

Four cups of dry grain right out of the bag. Wash it under the hot water faucet over a sieve or colander that has small enough holes to keep the grain in. Put it in an oven proof container, big enough to hold TWO CUPS OF BOILING WATER TO EACH CUP OF GRAIN. Salt to taste. Place in an oven at 400. Bake for 30 minutes. Serve with cream, milk, butter. It is good with or without sugar.

Have you ever tried sauerkraut salad? Boy! It is chock full of ALL THE VITAMINS everyone needs. In New York, at soda fountains, you can buy yourself sauerkraut juice at 10¢ a wee glass. Fiddlesticks! You will be better off to go to your favorite market and buy yourself a nice big can of sauerkraut. Squeeze the juice from it and drink it if you want, but use the sauerkraut itself for a super healthy salad.

One can of sauerkraut, squeezed dry of its juice. Three carrots shredded fine (raw). Dressing made of salad oil, salt, pepper, paprika to taste. NO VINEGAR OR LEMON. It is a novel fresh pleasing salad.

Why not try it?

## FOR THE QUEEN

By Francoise De Castro

Mother, I am your useless child! Give me your peace, and I will make from the broken pieces of my dreams a jeweled ring, a precious stone, a secret gem.

From the blues and the golds of the songs of the days I will weave a thousand lights that will dance at your feet.

## ST. GOUPIL'S

(Continued from Page One)

whole world? The answer was crystal clear, "and of limpid simplicity," he said. You know St. Goupil, the lay man who shed his blood with the Jesuit martyrs — the blood that sowed the seeds of faith in the North American continent. You know how he speaks English as though he were talking French, twisting words and sentences sometimes. "Of limpid simplicity," he insisted. The thing to do was to see MANY WISE MEN.



WISE MEN, the modern Magi, he said, would want to see Christ in every soul, and so would understand that all kinds of apostles were needed in these fearful days to bring Christ to souls that knew Him not, or who knew Him only slightly. And, as there was such a demand, by the hierarchy, for lay apostles, every WISE MAN would understand that these lay apostles should be given money enough to meet the bishops' demands . . . and thus bring Christ to men and men to Christ — MANIFEST ONE TO THE OTHER.

### Graces For You

So, of limpid simplicity, for the lovely holy month of January, and for the months that followed, he would kneel at the feet of the Lord Christ and ask Him to send His graces to all who had a devotion to the Infant of Prague, or to the infancy of Our Lord in general.

Simple? Yes? No? I had to agree it was simple. The more so that Christ, even in His youth, was apprenticed to carpentry, and hence would surely be interested in a house for His humble little lay apostles.

SO . . . CALLING ALL WISE FOLKS . . . YOUNG AND OLD . . . AND IN BETWEEN . . . TO HELP US TO MANIFEST THE INFANT CHRIST CHILD TO ALL MEN . . . AND BRING ALL MEN TO HIS CRIB . . . IN THE NAME OF THE LORD . . . WE BEG . . . WE CONTINUE TO BEG . . . FOR PENNIES . . . DOLLARS . . . TO FINISH ST. GOUPIL'S . . . THE HOUSE OF OUR MEN STAFF WORKERS . . . APOSTLES OF THE LORD.

THE BURSE OF ST. GOUPIL IS WIDE OPEN . . . THE INFANT CHRIST BLESSES ALL WHO CONTRIBUTE TO IT . . . THE STRINGS ARE HELD BY ST. ANTHONY, ST. JOSEPH, AND OUR LADY.

YOU WHO READ THIS . . . PLEASE . . . PLEASE . . . DON'T LEAVE IT EMPTY!

## To Be or Not To Be

Being is more important than doing. It is wrong to think that in order to do great things for the human family you must be endlessly occupied with external activity, with LES OEUVRES, that you must be able to point to the arresting visible changes in the face of things, the institutions, the buildings, the movements, that owe their origins to you. The saints often have these things to their credit; but they achieve them almost, as it were, in spite of themselves, certainly rather as an inevitable result and expression of what they ARE than as a studied programme.

Gerald Vann, O.P.  
—The Divine Pity.

## Every Saint Has Sung The Song of Suffering

By Eleanore James

"As star differeth from star, so do the saints in glory," but there is one characteristic common to them all; their joy in suffering. There is no saint in heaven who has not gone through the waters of tribulation, and with a song of joy on the lips.

Like their divine model, Christ, Who left the last supper room to the march of song (Mark 14:26) they have embraced suffering — even death — rejoicing. They have known Him "and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings." They have been "strengthened with all might, according to the power of His glory, in all patience and long-suffering with joy."

### A Sure Anchorage

Joy is the effect, the result, of charity in the soul. It owes its existence to love; for love is the first impulse of the will and from it proceeds joy and desire as waters from their fountainhead. It is, in a manner, a constant attitude of gratitude, a happy awareness of the infinite goodness of God.

We anchor our hearts and our minds securely in the strength, in the goodness, and in the providence of God. And from this sure anchorage no tribulation can sweep us into the waters of despondency.

Although joy, as charity, is complete and perfected only in heaven through the possession of God, we can know essential joy even here on earth. For, according to St. John, "He that abideth in charity, abideth in God and God in him," and God abides in the faithful soul by His grace.

Joy diffuses itself in radiance from a soul resplendent with grace. Sorrow only enhances the beauty of its lustre; it cannot dim it. In the measure in which we learn to smile at God interiorly in suffering, so shall we be able to smile exteriorly at His creatures.

### Brother Sun

St. Francis of Assisi, with all the fire and vivacity of his Italian temperament, was the leader of the gay youths of the town. He rode the plains of Umbria singing the love ballads of his age. Then, came a beggar friar. He sang his quite as gaily, he left all. He bestowed and greatest song at the close of his life, when his heart had suffered crushing misunderstandings, when his body was wracked with pain and disease, and when his eyesight was darkened to the beauties of nature. It was then he sang his Canticle of Brother Sun!

### Sister Flea

St. Teresa of Avila "held in her hand the helm that steers all hearts." Once she used costly perfumes, spent more time before her mirror than on her knees, and danced like a nymph in slippers fashioned to display her well-arched feet. She became a saint by the sheer force of willing it — plus the grace of God.

After she left the vanity of the world she suffered excruciating bodily pain for years. She said she felt as if she were "being torn to pieces" when anyone approached her bed. She suffered misunderstandings, calumnies, and misjudgments. But her charm, her tenderness and strength, her good sense, her wit, were thereby enhanced.

She could still write lilting verse which her nuns set to music. Often she would dance with all her old grace as she played on her tambourine the songs of old Castile. Her laughter was always musical and infectious.

And she could pray—"May God give us much to suffer for Him, if only in the way of fleas, wicked little boys, and bad roads."

### A Sword And A King

When in answer to a loving complaint made to Our Lord, He said, "Teresa, it is thus I treat my friends," her flashing wit burst like a sunbeam through her holy intimacy. "Is it any wonder Lord, You have so few?"

She could talk lightly of her sufferings, but it was her burning love of God that was her true refreshment.

Agnes was noble by birth and character. She was a child for whom the Roman guards could not find manacles small enough. She was a woman whom neither threats nor bribes could force to pay tribute to the pagan gods.

A sword pierced her sweet young throat. But even today we hear her singing. "I am the spouse of Him the angels serve, Whose beauty the heavens admire, Whose footsteps are beyond the stars, Whose Father is from eternity, And whose mother is a virgin."

Bernadette Soubirous, the beloved child of Our Lady of Lourdes, lay dying of tuberculosis in her convent. Her superior ask-

ed, "What are you doing there?" She replied, "Dear Mother, I am doing my work." "And what is that?" "It is being sick."

### Lovely Paradoxes

Tereze of Lisieux, the Little Flower, lived the paradox of simplicity and prudence, littleness and greatness, joy of heart and suffering. She put all her offering of self into the gracious acceptance of a crooked water pitcher — in preference to a more attractive one — into the care of an irritable sister, or the quiet endurance of a fidgety companion's bead-rattling. This with the same heroism with which she smiled through the agonizing pain and exhaustion of gangrene and tuberculosis. She could truly say, "I have learned to find joy and sweetness in all that is bitter."

Mary, the Queen of All Saints, suffered more than any of them. She shared, the incomparable sufferings of her Son. In heaven, her joy is incomparably greater than that of all the saints for she is closest to her Divine Son in glory, closest to Him Who is Joy Infinite.

## Students Must Help Educate Themselves

By Dom Virgil Michel

(In a recent issue of Restoration Dom Michel, writing of the necessity of educating Christians for rural living, stressed the importance of Catholic ideals — which would make living in the country a vocation rather than a "mere business," and which would make the agriculturist not only a good farmer but also a cultured gentleman and a fruitful member of the Mystical Body of Christ.)

("In regard to the education procedure for the attainment of these ideals," he said, "at least two points need stressing, since our education outlook is as much in process, and in need of revolution, as is our general Christian outlook on life." He continues . . .)

Christian ideals must be aimed at, and can only be achieved by something more than so many separate formal school courses given in the old way. The very atmosphere of the school must be alive with these ideals. The whole outlook, the same balance between the natural and the supernatural, the social family attitude, must be imbued as much through the general atmosphere of the school, and the example of the teaching body as through any formal courses of instruction. Unless that obtains, the formal instruction will not achieve genuine results.

### A Sudden End!

Again, the educational activity itself is not to be confined to formal courses of instruction, to the accepted methods of the past, in which the teacher quite spontaneously does a maximum and the student a minimum in the expenditure of effort. Under past methods the educational procedure is just that, a procedure to which the student submits for four years. There are then four years of learning, after which there is a sudden end to "Schooling"; and even the learning during those four years is at best passive, if not active, resistance to assimilation.

A good deal of the educational activity should be performed by the students themselves in less formal gatherings (however official these are to be), discussion groups, seminars, and the like. This point is but part and parcel of our wider educational problem today. Unless education again resumes its noble tasks of "drawing out" the student self-activity, instead of suppressing and dulling his thirst for knowledge, we are not even beginning to get out of our present bad way.

The above remarks can be applied on both the present college level and the high school, in proper degree, of course. But the problem of education for rural living is not confined any longer to these formal and hitherto almost exclusive arenas of educational effort. Something more is required today, something that answers to the needs and desires of the present students in their after-school life. In fact the students themselves will demand this, if our new efforts are at all successful.

### Some Fine Day?

(There is no longer any doubt that adult education in one form or another is with us to stay.) Unless present colleges and high schools prepare to do their duty in this regard, they will wake up some fine morning to find themselves pushed considerably in the background — which might, in fact, be a fitting punishment for them for the way in which they have been using their opportunity

to guide the trend of our civilization and culture. Other countries, notably Denmark with its folk-schools, are showing the way. If we can develop a more wide-awake rural citizenry, it will be demanding something in the way of short winter courses that will, however, be integrally cultural, after the pattern described above, rather than narrowly technical.

An arrangement of this kind will help to facilitate, and to continue through life, so to say, the trek of the people to the school. But, again, something more is needed, for today the school must also go out to the people. Here, too, the beginnings have already been made. Extension courses of all kinds, facilities for study and discussion groups gathered around a family or neighborhood hearth, are a service that "education" must render increasingly to the people, once they are awake to the latent possibilities of popular action and self-improvement.

### Summer Schools

The splendid work of the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier's at Antigonish, N.S., among others, has shown the way here. It has also shown the possibilities of greatly furthering such work by special summer courses for local directors (Rural Life Schools) of such study activities. In the same movement another forward step in popular education is being inaugurated by means of a detailed system of regional travelling libraries.

There are many centers, among Catholics as well as among others, where the topic of a rejuvenated program of rural living is being discussed. The above paragraphs are therefore no complete survey of basic ideals. They are merely some fundamentals as they have come up for discussion in at least one educational center.

### A LOVE LETTER TO

(Continued from Page One)

the gift of an extra bottle of that medicine distilled in Scotland; a check from a publisher; a brief walk down the road; the birth of another grand child!

So many wonderful things happen to me daily, Lord, through Your abiding love, that I have lost count of them. I do not even appreciate them! How could I ever thank You for any one of them? I am just one of Your innumerable creatures; and You are God, the Creator. You are the lavish Lover! I am just a louse!

### Love At Noon

But God, all these tokens of Your love and thoughtfulness, all these beauties of nature that make my old heart pump wheezy, and that stop my breath for a thrilling moment — all these are as nothing compared to the beauties with which You are furnishing my mind!

I thought that mind was well furnished, before Our Lady assigned me to interview You for this paper. I was agitated, of course, God, by her choice of me — and not quite sure, at first, that it was really I she had selected. I was embarrassed too, because it meant I must talk to You, spend much time with You, ask You many questions, and write, as best I could, whatever You might say — if You deigned to say anything at all. It meant I must, through Restoration, let all the world know how much I loved You. It meant I must make love to You, at high noon, as it were, in all the market places of the world, in all the bush towns, and in all the forgotten crossroad villages and hidden trails.

It meant also that I would be ridiculed and praised, be hated and admired, be envied and despised, be regarded as a pharisee and as a plastic saint. It meant that You would show, through me, Your love for all the people in the world.

### Anything At All

I did not refuse the assignment. Our Lady is the editor-in-chief as well as the owner and publisher of Restoration; and I was her reporter. I had been trained by half a century or so of newspaper work; and I regarded myself with a confidence that was both smug and simple — not to say both funny and pathetic. I was a star reporter once, Lord. You made me

that, but I had kidded myself into the belief that I had helped You. I was billed as "the star reporter of America," and advertised as the highest paid reporter in the world. I could, I thought, "handle anything."

But when I began to realize that I was actually assigned to "cover God," I also began to realize how barren was my mind, how pitifully inadequate, how deplorably unformed! I thought it odd then, that Our Lady had picked me above all the other scribbles on the earth. I knew she did not make mistakes; but I could not, for a time, understand why she should choose such a veritable cub for this terrific job.

It was good, Lord, that I acknowledged myself to be the rawest of raw cubs, for even the best reporter needs humility to accomplish his least task. The Seat of Wisdom let me see how much I needed this humility. She let me see that it is the weak instrument that is chosen, the dull tool, the inept workman, the untutored child — that the glory of the Master may shine forth. I was no longer the star reporter. I was the humble cub setting out to interview the Lord Almighty God!

### Unafraid? Who? Me!

How startled I was, and thrilled, and blessed, when I heard You actually talking to me! How my love soared to meet the Love You gave me! And how ghastly did I see myself in Your presence, how utterly stupid, and yet — through Your grace, Lord — how gloriously unafraid!

"Let yourself be loved," You said. "You cannot give love if you do not receive it. The more you are loved the more you will love others, and the more you will love Me!"

My mind began to be the home of happiness and love. It felt enriched, blessed, fortified, enlarged — even rebuilt. It began to understand that a divine Interior Decorator was at work in it. It began to function with some semblance of efficiency. And it began to understand how fortunate it was.

Then, was it only yesterday? You moved another thought into it — not just for me, but for all who come to look inside, who have eyes to see, who have minds to understand.

### A Furnished Mind

"The best self-love," You said, "the greatest selfishness, is self-denial!"

Lord, there is more beauty in that thought than in all the fantastic splendor of this morning's world.

The best self-love is that which gets a man to heaven. The best self-love is self denial. Lord teach me self denial. Let me love myself less and less, and You forever more and more. Let there be more of You in me, and less of my old fat-headed self. Let the world see in me not me but only You. Then the world will love You in spite of me.

To fill oneself with You is to fill oneself with peace and love and happiness and power, and to empty oneself of boredom, greed, lust, misery, despair, and hatred.

### Move In, Rent Free!

To fill oneself with self is to empty oneself of peace and happiness and love and power, and to cram the space with avarice, unrest, frustrations, and — how very odd! — self hatred! Nobody worships a self-made god; especially not his maker!

God, shape me closer to Your likeness, lest I make a god of myself. Unswell my head and swell my heart. Drain me of all the things You detest in me. Absorb me. Shine through me. Act through me. Speak through me. Write through me. Love through me. Let me be as nothing, and You everything in me.

Now that You are furnishing my mind so beautifully, move in, God; and stay there. Rent free!

Thy will, Lord, not mine, be done on earth as it is in heaven. You will me to be selfless. Selfless make me. I cannot do it by myself, for I am still — Your loving fat-head, Eddie.

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